

Heywood Broun—At the Bat

# Judge

*Bud*

NOVEMBER 5, 1921

PRICE 15 CENTS



ORSON  
LOWELL

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Drawn by ORSON LOWELL.

REFLECTED GLORY.



Heywood Broun

COMMENCING with the issue of November 5th, Heywood Broun, feature writer of the *New York World*, will review the movie productions as a regular feature of JUDGE. This means that the readers of JUDGE will have the latest word of the movie world told only as Heywood Broun can tell it. Stop at your pet news stand, get your copy, then "Judge for yourself."

# Judge

VOLUME LXXXI, NUMBER 2088  
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Editors:  
Douglas H. Cooke, Eliot Keen, J. A. Waldron



Drawn by RENE VINCENT. "I must say no, Freddie! I love your presents but not your past!"

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"Listen heah, you! Ah didn't buy yo' dat papah fo' entahtainment! Jes' confine yo'se'f to dem Want Ads, Niggah!"

**Out of Business**

Said a would-be bohemian, "I think  
If I only had something to drink  
I could write such a book  
They would sit up and look,"  
So the poor devil swallowed the ink.

**Precedent in Excelsis**

At Vinita, Oklahoma, where the "Katie" crosses the "Frisco," two negro Pullman porters who worked for the different roads were in friendly argument.  
Katie Porter—Big black boy, you-

all must doan' have nothin' to do on dat ole road; doan' hawl nobuddy.  
Frisco Porter—Doan' hawl nobuddy, huh? G'wan, man! Dis road kills mo' folks every yeah dan de "Katie" rides as passengers! Dat's what.

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*Motorist*—Is there a William Jones around here, my good man?  
*Villager*—Yep.  
 “Where can I find him?”  
 “Jes’ beyond the bridge thar’.”  
 “Isn’t that a cemetery?”  
 “Yep. He’s dead.”

## A Primer of the Film Folk

By HARRY J. SMALLEY  
*The He-ro-ine.*

**T**HIS, fel-lers, is the hu-man Peach in our Or-ward of Joy. The an-i-mat-ed rose of the world’s flower gar-den. Of-ten we wish we were a gar-den-er in-stead of a strug-gling au-thor.

She is the he-ro-ine!

No, no! Do not pro-nounce her like “qui-nine”—the oth-er way!

She is the sole rea-son for the won-der-ful in-crease in the pop-u-lat-ion of Los Ang-e-les. Ev-er-y man east of the Pa-cif-ic tried to get near the he-ro-ine when they found out where she lived.

She is to the eye what ice-cream is to the pal-ate and gosh, but the flav-or lasts.

We would rath-er gaze on her than be pre-sent-ed with a tick-et to Cu-ba with all ex-pen-ses paid. Peo-ple who know us will not believe this but it is near-ly true.

Her heart is as in-no-cent of mean-ness as a Fi-ji Is-land-er is of sus-pen-ders and her hon-or is of con-sid-er-able mag-ni-tude.

She is bright and mer-ry and knows noth-ing of sin and so forth, but you just try to get fresh and see what hap-pens.

Ten thou-sand cel-lu-loid vill-ains were killed last year while her hon-or was be-ing pro-tect-ed.

Hea-ven al-ways helps the he-ro-ine. So does the sce-nar-io writ-ter and the he-ro. The make-up box ass-ists al-so.

She is the on-ly rea-son we tol-erate the he-ro. To see her we have to stand for him.

She is why we do not be-lieve press-ag-ents lie *all* the time. When-ev-er they boost her we know they are tell-ing the truth and we would bet on it.

She is all gur-rul, all the time, and a law should be passed making all pro-duc-ers have all their screen char-act-ers all he-ro-ines. Hey, fel-lers?

All he-ro-ines are beau-ti-ful, no-

ble, spunk-y and un-self-ish. Some-times we won-der why we nev-er find them in real life a-mong our neigh-bors. We nev-er do, do we?

She is what ev-er-y wo-man should be and what ev-er-y wo-man thinks she could be if she only had the chance. Ha, ha!

She is what ev-er-y man hopes to get for a wife, and nev-er does. Darn the luck!

She is the rea-son mar-ried men wish they had wait-ed a lit-tle lon-ger.

She is the near-est most men will ev-er get to see-ing an an-gel. So they go oft-en and look hard.

Al-though as ap-pe-tiz-ing as a dill pick-le she fills our hearts with en-vy and hate. Hold on, don’t strike us! We en-vy the he-ro who cops her kiss-es and hate the vill-ain who annoys her so dread-ful-ly. The son of gun.

—But fate is not always kind to the he-ro-ine at that, come to think about it. Some-times she, is real-ly mar-ried to the he-ro. Poor gur-rul!



"THE LAND OF THE FREE, AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE"

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Drawn by RENE CLARKE.

*Very Wet Golfer*—I see in the paper that fellow Hatfield made it rain again. How do you suppose he does it?  
*Second Golfer (even wetter)*—Oh, I suppose he gets his pro to put new grips on his clubs, wears his best knickers and a new pair of shoes.

## Recollections and Premonitions

By EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

WE sat in the Rector's garden and watched the kids at play, Digging their tiny trenches and earthworks made of clay; Spoiling the grass with wire from old, discarded toys To tangle the feet of heroes who still are little boys.

The missiles they used were harmless but they called them deadly shells, They seemed to know that modern war's a thousand kind of hells; They dug in the ground for shelter, then over the top they went Like troops, at the dawn's first glimmer, to death or to victory sent.

I glanced at the Rector furtively, and saw his eyes grow dim, And I felt the tears on the cheeks of me as I tried to smile at him; For I knew that he had a vision, beyond the lawn and trees, Of what we'd seen where War was real when we were over-seas.

## The Scapegrace and the Shining Success

A Fable for Proud Parents

By RALPH DYER

THE Scapegrace and the Shining Success were brothers. They were born in a little town of the Middle West—the name is of no particular importance to this narrative. As a child, the Scapegrace was not slow in displaying signs of a later dissipation. He was an indolent scholar, an inveterate smoker and an indifferent worker. Later, as he grew into lean, callow adolescence, he added gambling and drinking to his other vices. His one notable quality was a generosity that was as boundless as—well, yes, the ocean itself. Even his worst enemies admitted that the Scapegrace would “give the shirt off his back” to anyone in need of it.

And now we come to the Shining Success. He was one of those children who are born to be Shining Successes. A prodigy who, at the age of eight, startled the sages with

his astounding knowledge of higher mathematics. A college graduate at fifteen. From one end of the town to the other he became noted for his thrift, industry and brilliant prospects. Beside him the Scapegrace paled into insignificance.

At twenty-two the Shining Success was made vice-president of a leading woolen concern. At twenty-three the Scapegrace was still drawing heavily upon the family exchequer. A year later they both fell in love with the same girl. Rumor credited her with loving the Scapegrace. But she married the Shining Success. One evening the Shining Success returned home with the news that he had been appointed president of his company.

A few weeks later the Scapegrace inherited a fortune and cornered the wool market.

MORAL: If you have a scapegrace or a black sheep in the family don't let him out of your sight.

### A Small Deposit

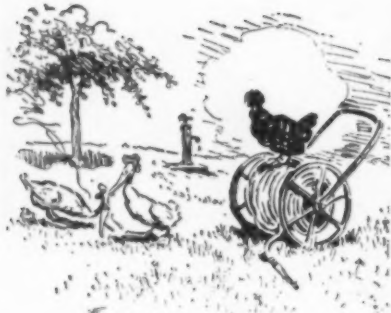
*Alice*—Are you engaged to Fred?  
*Virginia*—Goodness, no! I've merely got an option on him!





# Judging the New Books

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON



"Ps-s-t! Back of you, Bill, bobbed hair and rolled hose."

## A Coffee House Cruise

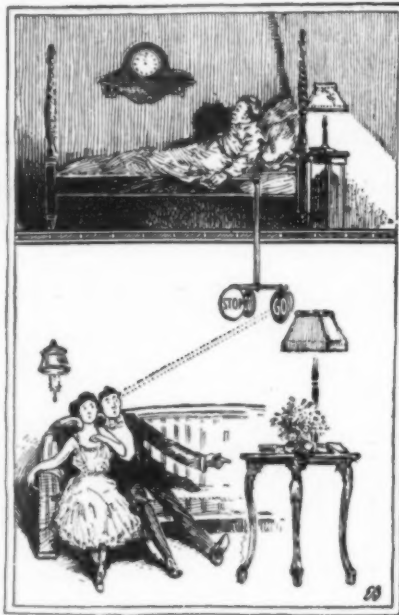
NOT long ago the good ship *Kawa* hove anchor and slipped out of the Coffee House on West 45th Street in New York, bound for the South Seas. After stopping at the office of *Vanity Fair* to take Frank Crowninshield and George Chappell aboard, and picking up Charles Hanson Towne as he was giving for the 1241st consecutive time his famous imitation of Mrs. Fiske to an admiring multitude on the steps of the Public Library, the staunch little vessel stood six points into the wind for the Harvard Club tank where Heywood Broun was rescued. It was a brave crew of hardy adventurers, commanded by Walter E. Traprock, Fellow of the Royal Society of South Sea Explorers, who finally sailed for the Southern Cross, all of them, as the commander says, having been "classmates at New Haven when our fathers were working our way through college." (What does Broun say to this?) It is a nautical tradition that you may only imbibe when the sun is over the yardarm, but Capt. Triplett, navigating officer,



From the Grasshopper's Viewpoint—I see no occasion for such great cheering.

was equal to all emergencies, and rigged a yardarm on a universal joint. Thus happily equipped, the *Kawa* proceeded gingerly on her way—with the accent on the gin—weathered a terrible storm at the crossing of the Equator and the 180th meridian, and ultimately drove on one of the Filbert Islands, a group in the South Seas hitherto unvisited by white men, from Melville to O'Brien.

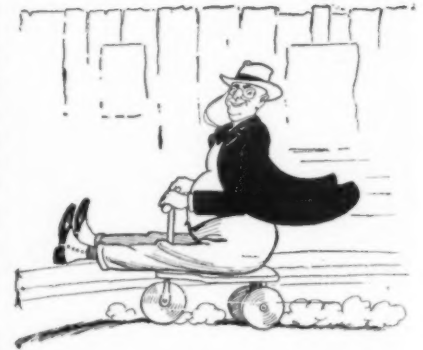
THE color of these islands was astonishing. Instantly he artist dove below and the sounds of rattled paint tubes told the rest that he was



Drawn by E. BIRD.

For late stayers—her dad was a traffic cop.

"about to commit landscape." The tired mariners were astonished, also, by the sound of the island, a constant soft patter. Their glasses showed them that the trees "were literally crawling with nuts and tropical fruits of every description. In the shadow of the broad panjandrum leaves we could see whole loaves of bread fruits falling unassisted to the ground, while between the heavier thuds of the coconuts and grape-fruits we heard the incessant patter of light showers of



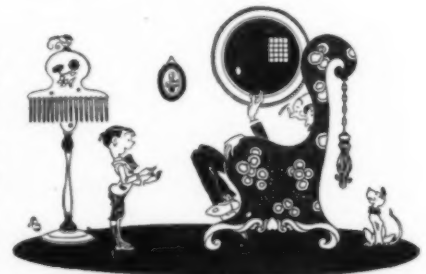
How to Foil the Automobile Thieves.

thousands of assorted nutlets singing the everlasting burden and refrain of these audible islands."

Needless to say, our brave mariners landed and ultimately had many and pleasing adventures, not the least pleasing being those supplied by the female Filberts. As Capt. Traprock declares, "I cannot give you the Filberts' latitude or longitude, but I will say their pulchritude is 100 degrees." The explorers soon were permitted to hear, and to transcribe, the native love song, which is as follows:

A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a  
E-e-e-e-e-e-e-e  
I-i-i-i-i-i-i-i  
O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o  
U-u-u-u-u-u-u-u  
and sometimes  
W-w-w-w-w-w-w-w  
and  
Y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y

(Continued on page 27)



## LITTLE MOMENTS OF THE GREAT

The man who writes the efficiency tests tries to answer a few questions for his small son.



HAPS AND MISHAPS IN NOVEMBER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		<p>1</p> <p>I COULD TELL THEY WERE GOOD BY THE FANCY BAND</p>  <p>NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO SEND A BOX OF CIGARS TO THE JANITOR</p>	<p>2</p> <p>MOVIE CAMERA</p>  <p>1903-WYOMING INDIANS ON THE WAR PATH</p>	<p>3</p> <p>THEN</p>  <p>1899-CONEY ISLAND JEFFRIES DEFEATED SHARKEY, 25 RDS.</p>	<p>4</p> <p>WHAT EVER I'M CHARGED WITH I THINK I'LL PLEAD GUILTY</p>  <p>THAT GOLF FEELING BEFORE THE GALLERY AT THE FIRST TEE</p>	<p>5</p>  <p>THE PRINCETON F.B. FRATERNITY WILL ENTERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE HARVARD GRIDIRON SET</p>
<p>6</p>  <p>1862-JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA, FAMOUS TRAP-SHOOTER BORN</p>	<p>7</p>  <p>JESSE JAMES USED TO RIDE A HORSE</p>	<p>8</p>  <p>POLO GROUNDS NOTRE DAME VS. RUTGERS</p>	<p>9</p> <p>I'D SELL MY LIBERTY BONDS IF I HAD ANY LIBERTY BONDS</p>  <p>WALK FAST AND YOU WON'T MISS AN OVERCOAT</p>	<p>10</p> <p>THE TOP SERGEANT THAT I WAS GONNA PUNCH THE HEAD OFF I MEET IN THE HOTEL AN' NOW WE'RE STOPPIN' IN THE SAME ROOM</p>  <p>1919-FIRST CONVENTION AMERICAN LEGION</p>	<p>11</p> <p>MUNITION MANUFACTURER</p>  <p>ARMISTICE DISARMAMENT } DRY</p>	<p>12</p>  <p>THE STUDY OF 'NATURAL' SCIENCE</p>
<p>13</p>  <p>1920-POINT ISABEL, TEX. MR. HARDING FISHES WITH USUAL FISHERMAN'S FORTUNE</p>	<p>14</p>  <p>1920-CHARLIE CHAPLIN JOINS ALMONY CLUB</p>	<p>15</p>  <p>1919-N.Y. SHIPYARD WORKERS STRIKE</p>	<p>16</p> <p>HEY THAT WAS A TEN DOLLAR BILL I GAVE YOU I WANT THE REST OF MY CHANGE</p>  <p>TRY AND GET IT!</p>	<p>17</p> <p>BEWARE OF WELL DRESSED STRANGERS</p>  <p>1900-CONGRESS MEETS FIRST TIME AT WASHINGTON</p>	<p>18</p>  <p>THE CO-ED OF THE MUSICAL COMEDY</p>	<p>19</p>  <p>YALE VS HARVARD AT CAMBRIDGE</p>
<p>20</p>  <p>CHEER LEADER OF THE WINNING TEAM</p>	<p>21</p> <p>I MUST LEARN THIS GAME THEY CALL POKER</p>  <p>1884-ST LOUIS MO. CATTLEMENS CONVENTION</p>	<p>22</p> <p>PHOTO OF PUMPKIN IN RESTAURANT KITCHEN TO ENCOURAGE THE PIES</p>  <p>PUMPKIN PIE</p>	<p>23</p> <p>GET SOME ROAST BEEF FOR TO-MORROW-I DON'T LIKE TURKEY ANY WAY</p>  <p>CURRENT FICTION</p>	<p>24</p> <p>WE SCRUBS CAN ONLY BE THANKFUL THAT THE SEASON IS OVER</p>  <p>THANKSGIVING</p>	<p>25</p> <p>CALL AGAIN!</p>  <p>1783-BRITISH EVACUATED NEW YORK</p>	<p>26</p>  <p>ARMY-NAVY GAME</p>
<p>27</p>  <p>WILKES BARRE PA. 'BUTCH' McDEVITY HOLDS RECEPTION IN HONOR OF 'BUTCH' McDEVITY</p>	<p>28</p>  <p>1832-FIRST STREET CAR IN OPERATION</p>	<p>29</p>  <p>1887-EXETER N.H. W.P. CHADWICK PLACE KICKS FOOTBALL 200 FT. 8 IN.</p>	<p>30</p>  <p>1919-PENNA COAL MEN GET 14% INCREASE</p>			

THE MONTH OF KLU KLUX KLANS AND KOLLEGE AND ALKAHOLIK KICKS

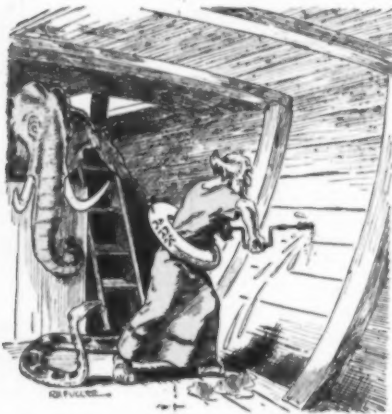
*Cummings*

# The Third Eye

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

I AM going to change myself to "we." I think that "we" gives myself—or us—a chance to contradict myself—or ourself.

I have noticed that Don Marquis, F.P.A., and King George always use "we" when they are going to pontificate. No one can sue a "we" for libel. All editorial utterances begin with "we." It registers the anonymity of the editorial writer and puts



If Noah had been a Bolshevik.

all responsibility for affirmations on a nebulous *Deus ex Machina*.

As a matter of fact, this little "we" can sidestep anything conveniently. It is like the famous On Dit of the French. It gives an air of plurality and numbers to a singular and defenseless pronoun—I.

Besides, the use of "we" takes the sting of egotism out of our witty and wise remarks. "I think" goes into your ear like a nail. "We think" slips in like molasses.

Then, again, there is a profound psychological reason for the

use of "we." The human being is not an I. He is a We. He is an aggregation of millions and millions of cells, each one of which is an embryo personality. One cluster of cells may tell you to violate the Volstead law, another cluster may urge you to obey it, while still a third cluster may urge you to lay in a cellar for life, thus obeying the Volstead law but violating the ethical side of prohibition.

I being a mass of cellular contradictions, I must be a "we." Anyhow, we shall let our I out gently and see how it works.

AS the disarmament conference draws nearer we feel it a duty to take a position on that momentous question. As the universe was invented so that we could argue about it, so, we are convinced, public problems and conferences exist for the purpose of taking a position on them. We believe everybody has taken a position on the tariff, the income tax and prohibition. It is up to us now—all of us—to take sides on the question of universal disarmament.

Personally, we believe in disarmament. We began to disarm last week. We gave our police whistle to the baby to play with. We gave our house automatic to our neighborhood burglar—a good-natured young fellow for whom we leave our windows open on Tuesday nights of each week—and on the day that the great conference begins in Washington we purpose to unscrew our lock on the front door and throw it away.

Security—both national and individual—we are convinced can best be attained by being prepared at any moment for a knock-down. Not, however, prepared as we are to-day with large navies and standing



Gal  
Frisson

Mr. Tony, won't you please put some hair-  
tonic on this worm so I can have  
a caterpillar?

armies, but with kindly words and normalcy epigrams.

Disarmament has never been tried except in China. China threw away its Yale locks, automatics and police whistle some years ago and invited everybody into its house. The result is historic—China rose in power, influence and prestige until to-day she dominates all the laundries of the world. She produces more philosophers and poets to the square potato patch than any other country in the world.

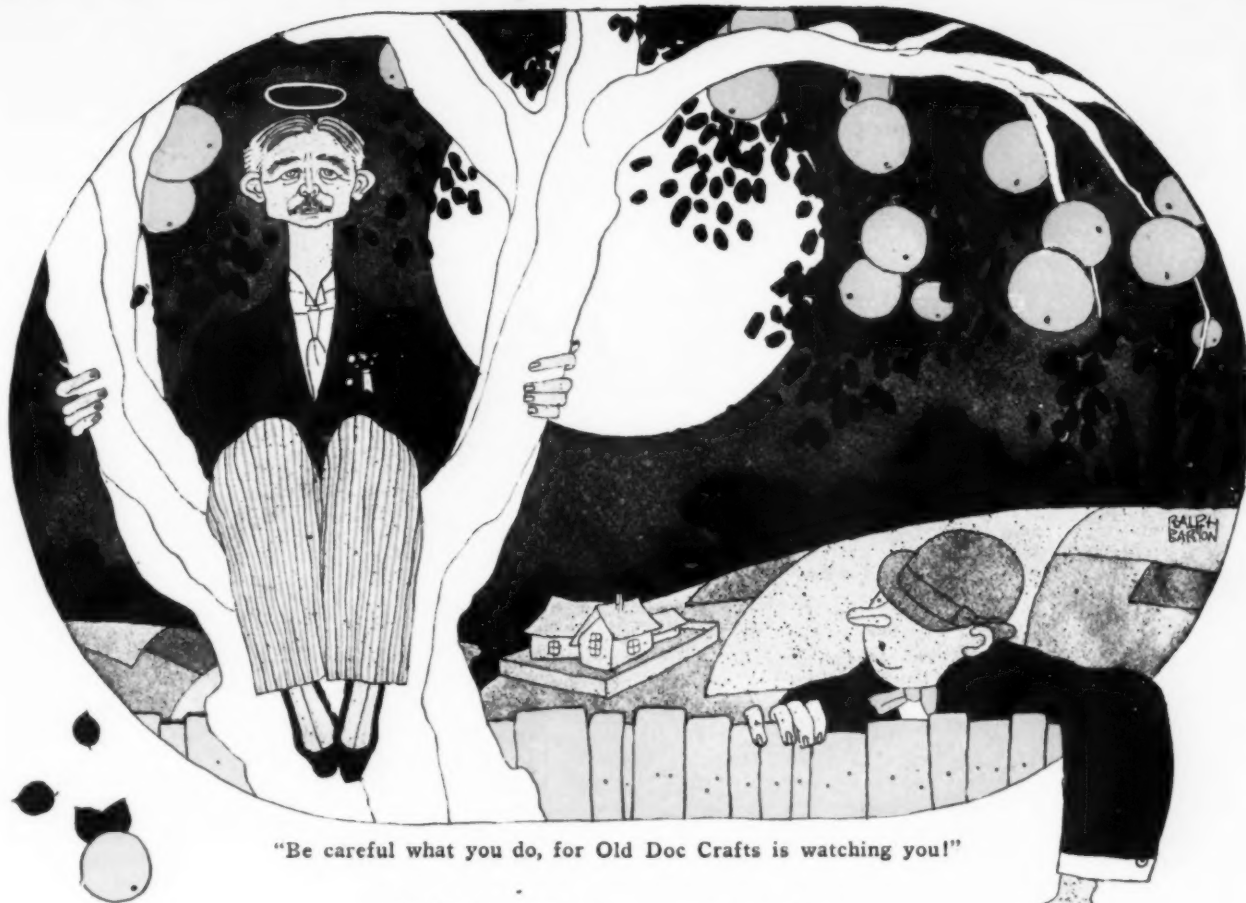
WE have often thought of writing a brochure on the decline of manners among cutthroats and bandits. When we were a boy "agents of the road"—we politely called them then—were gentlemen. They were not only gentlemen but they were romantics. They wore flowing ties and long hair and when they rifled you they did it with exquisite grace.

If there is one thing that would bring Jesse James back to New York in the spirit or the flesh with an indignant flash in his eyes, it is the bad manners of the hold-up men in the metropolis, especially those who break into the big hotels in the dead-watches of the night and disturb the sleep of their guests.

(Continued on  
page 30)



Batt—This chauffeur is driving me to drink.  
Nipp—Tell him to hurry before the place is raided.



"Be careful what you do, for Old Doc Crafts is watching you!"

## Old Doc Crafts

By WALT MASON

Illustration by RALPH BARTON

SOME men lie down when they are tired and get the sleep they've long desired, for normal men must have their rest if they intend to do their best. Their lungs grow sore from too much talk, their useful feet refuse to walk; the human mouth and ears and nose and inside organs need repose.

And so the multitude of gents retire, when weary, to their tents, and pull some slumber, good but cheap, some folding of the hands to sleep.

But Old Doc Crafts, he never sleeps; by day and night his watch he keeps, he keeps his cases on this land, to see that virtue is not canned. If he his vigil should forget, some guy might smoke a cigarette, or drink a fiery home brewed bowl, designed to undermine his soul. And that would be a frightful thing, but we are spared this fateful sting, for Old Doc Crafts is keeping tab on all this world, so drear and drab.

He has no time to fool away upon the downy, restful hay.

My next door neighbor has a field where apples grow, and ample yield;

the spreading trees are loaded down with fruit that has a wide renown. And often I would sneak inside and there with apples fill my hide; for stolen apples are the best, they have the flavor and the zest. I have the price, and then some more, to buy my apples at the store; but apples honestly acquired give me a pain and make me tired.

So, sometimes when the moon is bright, and calm and peaceful is the night, I am impelled to steal a peck from my old neighbor, Hiram Heck. But when I start to climb the fence, I hear a voice, remote, intense, that says, "*Be careful what you do, for Old Doc Crafts is watching you!*" He never nods, he never sleeps, his vigil evermore he keeps, he's wise to every sinner's curves, and hands him out what he deserves."

And then I wilt and sneak away, my feet are cold as Hudson Bay. Of courage I have loads and rafts but who dare anger Old Doc Crafts? He'd roast me in the public prints, his language would have lurid tints; and in the forum he would rear and

lecture me for half a year; and in the Sabbath school he'd rise, and tell the pious little guys that I'm a warning, stark and bare, a sinner lost beyond repair.

He jumps upon our President, he trails the lowly, humble gent. No man's so low, nor yet so high, that he escapes the Old Doc's eye. There is no hollow in the woods, no cavern in the solitudes, where sinful mortal may repair, and know the Old Doc isn't there.

Down to your cellar you may steer to make a crock of home-brew beer; you lock the door with locks of steel, and bar the window, and you feel, that you're alone with your home brew; but Old Doc Crafts is watching you. He hides behind the cellar stair; beneath the floor he has his lair; you raise the vessel to your lips, to take a few refreshing sips, and with a shriek Old Doc upstands, and jerks the beaker from your hands. He hits you with envenomed shafts; there's no escape from Old Doc Crafts. And so he slumbers not nor sleeps; his vigil evermore he keeps.



## FEATURES IN THE FILMS

# "One Arabian Night"

By HEYWOOD BROWN



Betty Compson, the girl who scored a hit in "The Miracle Man," and is now a Paramount film star.

WITHOUT any desire to discourage home industries this reviewer cannot avoid setting down the opinion that more passion is generated on the screen by Pola Negri in her German pictures than by any of our American stars in native films. We do not mean that we would of necessity prefer to see the tumultuous Teuton before any of our home town actresses. Such is not the case. Eight reels of continuous passion leave us a little dizzy. After watching the complete and efficient German reproduction of the manner in which Arabs make love, the back of our neck generally feels sore and we have the same sort of sympathetic lameness that comes to an impressionable rooter after a Harvard-Yale football game. Having no censorship such as ours, the Germans retain the mass play in films dealing with seduction.

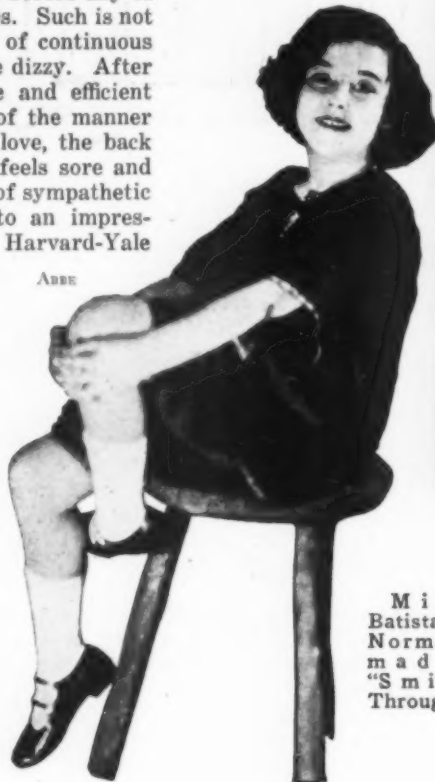
Much of Pola Negri's new picture, called "One Arabian Night," is brilliant and glamorous. She herself is more credible as a vampire than any other performer whom we have ever seen with the possible exception of Geraldine Farrar. Wickedness in native films generally seems to us somewhat conventionalized and refined out of all persuasiveness. The effort is to achieve something which will be seductive and nice at the same time. After all, the moving picture theater is the playground of the American child, and our local actresses, even when cast as adventuresses, take pains so to mould their performances that nothing shall be done calculated to

puzzle or frighten little Oswald or his baby sister. Sin is allowed to creep into our pictures only when it is presented as something tepid and less exciting than militant virtue.

We hold no brief whatsoever for sin, and still less have we any desire to pretend that we feel competent to state its case, and yet it seems to us that even in a moral world we should be fair to vice. It deserves its day in court and that day ought to be riproaring and tempestuous. Pola Negri does her duty by passion and a little more. She makes the

we would just as soon go into the cyclone cellar and wait for the rest of the storm to blow over.

THE producer of "One Arabian Night," as well as the star, is an extraordinarily efficient person. Ernest Lubitsch has been responsible for some of the best pictures we have



ABBE

Miriam Batista, with Norma Talmadge in "Smiling Through."

rôle of the Desert Dancer a thing of extraordinary vitality. The performance sweeps into our picture playhouses as unaccustomed and stirring a visitor as a tornado. Speaking of tornadoes, haven't you found that after a bit they begin to become a little tedious? That is our experience with Pola Negri. After the fourth or fifth reel we have a feeling that



Pola Negri in a scene from "One Arabian Night"

seen in America, but we trust it will not be considered merely a patriotic reflection when we add that like most Germans his efficiency is too far reaching. Having done a thing admirably he feels that the next thing in order is to do it over again. In fact, he is loath to quit any effect just so long as he is satisfied that it is good. Attrition and the march of time seldom enter into his calculation.

As a result, "One Arabian Night," for all its fineness, is much too long. It does not hold interest to the same extent at the beginning as at the end. The plot of the piece is that of "Sumurun," seen here several seasons ago in the form of a pantomime produced by Rheinhardt. It was hailed in the theater as a marvelous and



Lionel Barrymore, a popular screen hero, as Archille Cortelon in "The Claw," by Henry Bernstein, at the Broadhurst Theater.



APRIL

colorful achievement, and this it remains on the screen.

Nevertheless, although originally intended for dumb show, the theme is not an easy one to follow. The



Charlie Chaplin in "The Idle Class."

affairs of the harem with which it deals are mightily complicated. All the favorite wives are engaged in deceiving somebody until at last it is the audience which is deceived. It took us the better part of an afternoon to discover that Zuleika and the desert dancer were not one and the same person, and we never had the slightest success in distinguishing the Prince from Nour-Ed-Din, the merchant.

The story, as you may remember, concerns the love of the hunchback clown for the beautiful gipsy dancer. There is no distinction for him in this because practically everybody else in the picture loves her. With some of her suitors she runs away while others have to kidnap her. Even when she is captured and placed in the harem of the great Sheik the competition continues. Naturally the harem is horribly congested by lovers hiding in chests and climbing up balconies. Zuleika, also of the harem, has a roving fancy of her own and some men know it. This complicates the situation to such an extent that one feels that Mr. Lubitsch should have been moved to number the players. In the end the Sheik stabs the beautiful desert dancer and the hunchback stabs him. Both die. The

film ends, then, as a tragedy and a draw.

THE chief glory of "One Arabian Night" lies neither in the story nor the acting, but in the setting. In this respect we simply must allow the foreign invaders to sing "Deutschland Uber Alles." American producers do not begin to create atmosphere with the same skill as their German rivals. The trouble, we think, lies in the fact that we are so rich and they are so poor. When anybody in California wants a mean street for film purposes he calls upon the carpenters and they construct it for him at great expense. We observed, for instance, in "The Three Musketeers" of Douglas Fairbanks, that the skill of the motion picture producers had been so great that even the most ramshackle and tumbledown building which was flashed upon the screen gave the impression of having cost one million dollars.

The German film makers cannot do this. Their marks will not permit them to go so far as being literal. Their mean streets just have to be as mean as possible. Still more than that, they are driven to accepting not actuality, but something just as good

(Continued on page 29)



**AMONG THOSE PLEASANT—OWEN DAVIS**

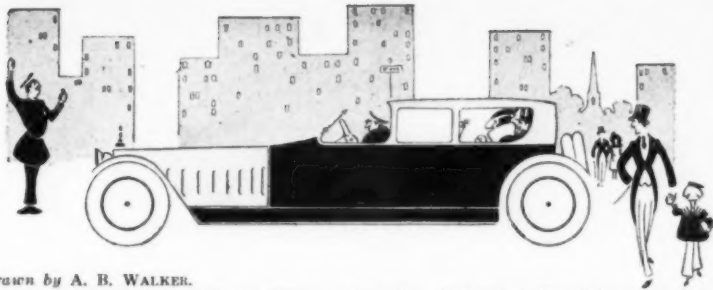
"For many years Third Avenue was his aim; but with the advent of gray hairs and the wisdom they bring he has tempered his melodrama until he has not only been admitted to Broadway—the Fifth Avenue of the Theater—but gladly welcomed to it."

# Owen, the Prolific

By GEORGE MITCHELL

SINCE the first day that Owen Davis began to write plays, over two hundred have trickled from the cells of his brain. He has poured enough material into each and all of them to have satisfied any manager. He has surcharged them with an abundance of plot and sentiment, counterplot and emotion. They are full to overflowing. There is nothing stingy about Mr. Davis. There is enough material in any one of his to make two of most plays. It usually takes a man the better part of a year to write a play and the best part of his life to sell it. Mr. Davis is not four hundred years old nor the half of it, so some slight idea may be imagined of his dynamic force and temperamental equipment.

It seems strange that a man who has written so prolifically for the stage would express himself—paradoxically enough—as follows: "Rather serious thinking on the subject," says he, "results in my belief that it is the easiest thing in the world not to write a play—and the safest. Of course, no one ever can write a good play, and if he could, he would never in the world be able to prove it. So those of us who write from necessity—or vice—have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that the only optimistic thing for us to do is to always believe that ours are good, since even I



Drawn by A. B. WALKER.

The Findley Boodles going to church. Incidentally this car cost more than their rector's salary for the last ten years.

have never been able to write a play about which there were not two opinions, even if occasionally it was only mine and the rest of the world's."

There is a subtle warning in that advice. He seems to imply that if you feel that you must write a play you must make up your mind to expect adverse criticism. There is also an obvious optimism in the remark, "To always believe that ours is good." It is a fine pennant to nail to one's masthead. It impels self-confidence—faith in one's self—without which one is about as purposeful as a jellyfish on the beach.

It is always interesting to inquire into the methods of those of us who succeed. And we are decidedly of the impression that the successful man is he who, knowing where he wants to go, sets his face in the right direction and plods steadily on. "For the world stands aside for the man, in his stride, who knows where

he wants to go," or, as someone has so aptly put it: "1 per cent. inspiration and 99 per cent. perspiration makes the genius."

Owen Davis's method of writing plays is peculiar to himself. He follows no set of rules. He is a slave to no formula. No lucky pen, no favorite colored paper, no temperamental typewriter carries him to a successful product. He studies Life. He sees something of interest in it, some dramatic story. That's enough. Then he sits down or stands up and writes his play. And judging by his output he usually finishes it before he breakfasts. It seems easy and it is, if the purpose is there to do it and the will is behind it.

The career of Owen Davis is decidedly picturesque. For years he has been turning out plays the particular appeal of which was directed to that element among playgoers whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of thrills. His plays have been just one thrill after another. Until the past two or three seasons he might in all truth have been called the "Kid Carter" among playwrights. No more melodramatic writer has ever thrilled the old-fashioned gallery-god who from his lofty perch in peanut glory hung upon the machinations of a blood-thirsty villain or wept over the sufferings of "Nelly, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

For many years Third Avenue was his aim; but with the advent of gray hairs and the wisdom they bring he has tempered his melodrama until he has not only been admitted to Broadway—the Fifth Avenue of the Theater—but gladly welcomed to it.

"Forever After," "At 9.45" and "Opportunity" have marked him as a man from whom, after a record of two hundred plays, we yet may hear.

It is but a step from the gutter to the sidewalk and we, who look to the theater as an institute of culture, are hopeful that having once stepped up upon the pavement, he may lead us pleasantly up the hill of Life.



Drawn by W. G. FARR.

"Aw, we could never walk all the way to Hinkeyville; it's two miles!"  
"The two of us could do it easy; that's only a mile apiece!"





## J U D G E



### THE CRUSADE OF HIGH HOPES

**T**HE philosophy of the bright side is now our national policy. The President rallies optimism around the peace of the world.

He wants to carry our hearts with him and our labor refresh itself with good feeling. This is news that blooms. The blithe bee bristles with business—fielders stop fumbling—and the sackcloth-and-ashes epoch is over.

The supreme achievement of statesmanship is to suffuse a people with a purpose. Only then does a nation show its mettle. Inertia moves from its moods. The tide ripples into smiles. Citizens put aside their hammers, the bookkeeper feels like marriage and the boss consults an advertising agent.

The morbid anatomy of governments indicates torpid biliousness in the masses. The solemn demeanor of old Castile covered many virtues. But it hardened the fibres of energy and narrowed the scope of action. For every nation is like Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, who lost his high seat when he lost his sweet temper.

We have world leadership in our grasp. Let us teach moping lands how to eke out their deficiencies with rosy souls. It was wise old David who knew we could not bridle human nature and handed us the precept: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

### COMPULSORY PHYSICAL TRAINING

**T**HE friends of a handsomer humanity suggest compulsory physical training. The entire compulsory cult heartily approves the idea. It will make us healthy. It will stiffen our spines. It will make sinew, muscle and bone. It will knit the

population into battalions of tall grenadiers. It will mix blood and iron in our constitutions. It will build us as rugged as Thor and as athletic as Olympian champions. It will Samsonize us and set all the little gods of efficiency working for us.

While enthusiasm is inseparably blended with progress, a community pestered with a plague of enthusiasts will become dizzy with their importunities. The experiences of the war and the experiment of prohibition have generated a progeny of visions. The visionaries, lacking facilities, invoke the machinery of the Government on the plea that their private brain-storms will promote public calm. The principle of compulsion, contagiously prevailing, is fatal to our social principles. The fire of one must burn the other out. If the representative system proposes to qualify as an enforcement agency, it will soon be an anæmic anatomy.

Intellectual culture preserves freedom and creates wealth. Military service preserves life. But to force folks to practice calisthenics, run foot-races and vault the bar would turn bureaucracies into training camps, and the thews of legislation would strain themselves in rubbing down fat men and putting layers of tissue on lean ones, coaxing bow-legged lassies to swim and short-breathed ladies to play leap frog. Were this proposition likely to give us strength to bear our afflictions we would greet it with gratitude. But while it promises to alleviate the wear and tear of marriage and insomnia, it holds out no hope of profitable crops.

We have positive assurances that ill-health is a crime. The advocates of compulsory longevity and forcible feeding are marshaling for drives. Numbers of zealous neighbors, suffused with a warm flush of solicitude for the welfare of the species, are seeking government aid in enforcing such an immaculate existence on earth as shall guarantee immortality in heaven. Prudence bids us pause.

We have seven million slackers in illiteracy; the legal rate of interest is a flexible fiction; Federal shipping and rail-roading have left

a deficit and beady perspiration—yet sanguine persists flock confidently around the delusion that the Government can do more for them than they can do for themselves, and that the Departments should be forced by law to send down quail and manna to the wilderness.

### DAVY JONES' LOCKER

**O**N that "great day when we shall all be contemporaries together" we will ask Davy Jones about his locker—or impel some Congressional investigating committee to ask for us. How long is it? How deep? And how far beyond the three-mile limit? How did the bottle of rum in it leave a posthumous issue of case goods—so it is said? Such will be the quest to fathom this dark mystery of the waves—for it is a psychic matter, dealing with the transmigration of spirits, and of fishermen who boast with shining faces of familiarity with the unseen.

This yearning for a fish diet—this sudden popularity of the brine—may make us a sea-faring race. We may become the mightiest of the naval powers without an appropriation. Yet, this spirit of adventure, seeking the rich rewards of the vasty deep, has its dangers. Our entire population may neglect other work, and all seek to wind the capstan bar. The revenue service might employ the staid half of the people to restrain the roving half from foaming perils. Tales are whispered of luggers crammed to the gunwales with—but this is a censorious world, and even the pure breeze of the stainless sea smells like the breath of scandal to some people.







Drawn by S. J. WOOLF.

### THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

#### An Old Love Letter

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I WAS reading a letter of yours to-day,  
The date—O a thousand years ago!  
The postmark is there—the month was May:  
How, in God's name, did I let you go?  
What wonderful things for a girl to say!  
And to think that I hadn't the sense to know  
What wonderful things for a man to hear:  
O still beloved, O still most dear.

"Duty" I called it, and hugged the word  
Close to my side, like a shirt of hair:  
You laughed, I remember, laughed like a bird,  
And somehow I thought that you didn't care.  
Duty!—and Love, with her bosom bare!  
No wonder you laughed, as we parted there—  
Then your letter came with this last good-by:  
And I sat splendidly down to die.

Nor Duty, nor Death, would have aught of me:

"He is Love's," they said, "he cannot be ours."  
And your laugh pursued me o'er land and sea,  
And your face like a thousand thousand flowers.  
"Tis her gown!" I said to each rustling tree,  
"She is coming!" I said to the whispered showers:  
But you came not again, and this letter of yours  
Is all that endures—all that endures.

These aching words—in your swift firm hand,  
That stirs me still as the day we met—  
That now 'tis too late to understand,  
Say "hers is the face you shall ne'er forget";  
That though Space and Time be as shifting sand,  
We can never part—we are meeting yet.  
This song, beloved, where'er you be,  
Your heart shall hear and shall answer me.

#### Incidentals

By KATHERINE NEGLEY

PRISCILLA was a model. She posed in all styles of corsets, and she showed off silk hose and lingerie of the latest designs and fashions.

The advertising manager had no difficulty in selling the advertisements to magazines and newspapers and the readers turned to the advertising sheets first. Of course, the corsets, hose and lingerie were only incidentals.

Well, anyway, before the present frank styles, it was that way.

#### According to Relativity

*Professor*—An apple falling upon Newton gave him the idea of his Theory of Gravity.

*Student*—Suppose he had been sitting under a cocoanut tree.

#### The Millennium

"Is the world getting better?"  
"I believe it is, by heck. Hain't been a senator shot by a woman fer the longest time."



FRANCE REVISIT

The Doughboy is recognized at the home wh



**REVISITED**  
e home where he was formerly billeted.



# In Tin-pot Alley

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



Rose Rolando and Chester Hale, in "The Music Box."

ABBE

**T**IN-POT ALLEY continues nightly to divulge its masterpieces. Among its more recent revelations is a triumph of dramatic art yclept "Beware of Dogs," the soul expression of that great thinker and illustrious artist, Mr. William Hodge. This M. Hodge is the Harold Bell Wright of the American stage. Reputed to be the wealthiest actor in the Republic, he yearly composes for himself an *opus* designed best to show off his peculiarly rare talents. These *opera* are to dramatic art what the novels of Mons. Wright are to literature. But they satisfy the yokels of the inland as Hauptmann, De Curel and Shaw have never been able to satisfy them. And, by virtue of this satisfaction, Hodge has become an institution of the American hinterland, like flannel undershirts, prune pie and asthma.

I suppose that Hodge and his dramatic gems reflect better than any other actor or any other slice of stage goods the theatrical taste of the American public outside the large cities. In the cities, Hodge is not a heavy favorite, and is looked upon as something of a curiosity, like the circus fat lady or the 1890 phaeton. But out in the hamlets and villages and townlets of Boobdom, out where the weeds grow in the middle of the car tracks and where they still sell crackers out of barrels, he is what may, perhaps inelegantly, be described as Very Hot Stuff. For these good jays look on him as a sort of male Duse, and on his self-composed plays as pearls of high price and immaculate contour.



W. W. Shuttleworth and Elisabeth Risdén, in "The Night Cap" at the 39th Street Theater.

**T**HE Hodge formula is couched strictly in clodhopper terms. Each of his plays, from "The Road to Happiness" to "A Cure for Curables" and from "The Guest of Honor" to his present ruby, preaches the philosophy that is closest to the hearts of the inlanders whose idea of the outside world is gained chiefly from the bulldog edition of the *Toledo Blade* or the *Omaha Bee*, and whose idea of art is a set of O. Henry bound in red cloth. This philosophy is of the traditional Pollyanna texture: that it is always darkest before dawn, that every cloud has a silver lining, that everything will come out well if only one puts one's faith in the Lord, and that diabetes may be cured by saying one's "Now I Lay Me" regularly. As a sunshine-broker of this school, Hodge has made a fortune. As a salesman of philosophical gold-bricks and metaphysical oil stocks, he has financially outdistanced even such of his competitors as Dr. Francois Crane. His "Beware of Dogs" ought to add to his overflowing exchequer. It is

simpleton meat of a fine, full juice and flavor. It drips with all the childishness that is sure-fire among the sticks. It is fragrant with the bosh, bathos and empty hokum that seldom fail to enchant the innocents of the backwoods and water-tanks.

**T**HE novel "Main Street" is a penetrating study of Hodgedom. Its characters are chiefly potential admirers of the Hodge brand of art. This occurs to one again in seeing the play that Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford have made from the Sinclair tome. Doc Kennicott and his friends are typical members of a Hodge audience. And I am not certain that Carol too, for all her Maeterlinckian pretense, doesn't at bottom fit alongside the Doctor into G 2.

To come to "Main Street" as a play is to come to the realization that the order to dramatize the book was a big one. It was obviously more or less impossible to utilize the admirable detail of the novel for stage purposes, and the dramatists were therefore per-



force reduced to the utilization of the mere externals of the book. As a result, the play loses the ironic note that was perhaps the chief virtue of the novel. This play as it stands is a kind of Winchell Smith affair minus a swallow-tail coda. McKay Morris, as Kennicott, is the best member of the presenting company. Miss Alma Tell plays Carol as if the latter were Miss Alma Tell playing the leading feminine role in an Owen Davis melodrama.

**I**N "Lilies of the Field," William J. Hurlbut has attempted to gain for himself some of Avery Hopwood's "Gold Digger" receipts. Several of his characterizations are superior to Hopwood's, and so is some of his humor. But all this is permitted to go for naught by the employment of a plot so eminently servant-girly that one finds it difficult to refrain from loud bar-room chuckles. The play is such a mixture of good and bad that it seems hard to believe it was written by one man. I won't bore you with the story it sets forth. I leave this to what are known as the newspapers. Miss Josephine Drake has a role similar to that of Miss Jobyna Howland's in the Hopwood play, and maneuvers it effectively. The heroine of the hack plot is the pretty Miss Marie Doro, who does as well, I suppose, as any woman could do with such nonsensical material. The hero is Norman Trevor, better than usual in a role worse than usual.

**S**TILL another masterpiece is "Thank You," a comedy by Thomas Cushing with filigree work by Dr. Winchell Smith. Here, once again—



ABBE

The Astairs, in "The Love Letter."



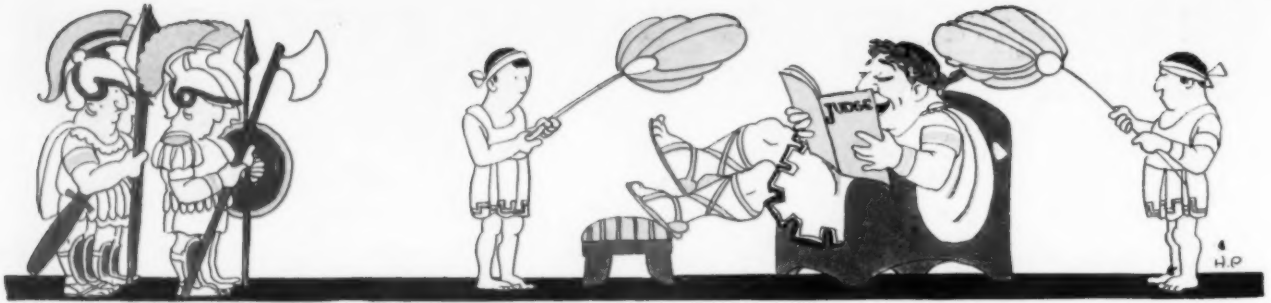
Dorothy Haven, in "The Music Box."

and seemingly for the thousandth time—we have the tale of the man who is on his uppers when the first curtain is hoisted and rolling in fancy clothes, butlers and wampum when the cab-starter flashes on the lights above the entrance. In this instance, the hero is a country rector. Down the street, the thousand and first version of the same *conte* is on exhibition. This is called "Like a King" and stems from the brain of John Hunter Booth. When the play begins, the hero is on a Central Park bench with a hole in the seat of his panties. When it is over, he is on a soft *chaise* with the hole patched up with million dollar bills. Neither of these proud works calls for criticism. Both are designed to catch the moneys of such persons as are still intrigued by the play formula inaugurated by George M. Cohan about eight years ago, and since astutely abandoned by him.

It is small wonder that the metropolitan theatergoer now deserts the dramatic theater for the music show theater. The only excuse for plays like those described is that they entertain, which they do in almost indescribable measure. The music show is

different. It does entertain; it is worth the seeker's play time. Take Al Jolson, for example. It costs only twenty-five cents more to see Jolson than it does to see Hodge. Yet Jolson, as a theatrical speculation, is worth fifty times as much as Hodge. He is a shrewd comedian, and an entertainer generally in superior degree. If you see him in "Bombo" you may be certain that he will dredge up the laughter out of your vitals. He can accomplish this with bad jokes as well as with good ones. He can cure, single-handed, all the megrims that have been imparted to one by the bulk of the dramatic exhibits current on Broadway. He is, to the buyer of theater tickets, a purchase of Atchison general 4s after a protracted speculation in German marks.

What the theater needs in these, its dolorous financial times, is more Jolsons and fewer "Like a Kings." The Jolsons could revivify the theater and once again arouse people's interest in it. And by people I mean not alone the regular and typical Broadway theater patrons, but as well all those who love the theater for the finer things that it occasionally does.



# S T O R I E S T O T E L L

## Beaten

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney said at one of her brilliant studio teas: "English servants are very satisfactory, but sometimes their queer accent causes trouble.

"I know a girl sculptor with a studio in Chelsea. She said hungrily to her English cook one day at luncheon time:

"'Did you heat up that veal and ham pie as I told you to, Agnes?'

"'Yes, miss, thank you, miss,' said Agnes.

"'All right,' said the girl sculptor, licking her chops. 'Serve it for lunch, please.'

"'But 'ow can I, miss,' said Agnes, 'when I've het it up?'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Helping Him Out

While visiting friends in Cleveland a young Detroitier was presented with a quart of rye whisky. He decided to take it home in his suitcase.

As the steamship neared the dock he became more and more nervous. Finally in desperation he confessed his fears to a fellow voyager. This kindly individual offered to trade suitcases and assume all responsibility. The young man was vastly relieved and the change was made.

The luggage was not searched and a few minutes later the two met on shore. The young man was exceedingly grateful.

"By the way," he observed, as they exchanged again, "you must have a lot of things in your suitcase. It's awfully heavy."

"Yes," said the stranger, "I have twelve quarts in mine."—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Classified

It was the Judgment Day, and throngs of people were crowding around the Pearly Gates trying to convince St. Peter that they were entitled to enter Heaven.

To the first applicant St. Peter

said, "What kind of a car do you own?" "A Packard," was the reply. "All right," said St. Peter, "you go over there with the Presbyterians."

The next in line testified that he owned a Buick, and was told to stand over with the Congregationalists. Behind him was the owner of a Dodge, who was ordered to stand with the Baptists.

Finally a meek little individual came along. "What kind of a car do you own?" was the question.

"A Ford," was the answer.

"You just think you own a car. You go over there with the Christian Scientists."—*The Arklight.*

## What's in a Name?

The scholars had stumbled through their share of the reading lessons, and at last it came to little Harry's turn. He got on quite well until he came to the word heirloom.

The teacher noticing his difficulty helped him, and then asked:

"And do you know the meaning of this word?"

Harry shook his head.

"It means something that is handed down from father to son—in other words, a relic."

"Oh," said Harry, with a grin, "that's the funniest name I've ever heard for a pair of trousers."—*London Ideas.*

## A Strong Siphon

"Good morning, Mr. R yetop," said the waiter, "I hope you enjoyed that old Scotch I left in your room while you were out."

"It was pretty fair," drawled R yetop, rubbing his parched lips, "but that siphon you sent up had the strongest stream of fizz water I ever tackled. The blamed thing came near blowin' me through the window."

The waiter looked puzzled. "Siphon? I didn't send up any siphon."

"Yes, you did. It was red and bound with brass bands.

"Great Scott! That was the fire extinguisher!"—*Hotel Gazette.*

## He Was Practicing

A lady on entering the kitchen early one morning saw a plate and knife and fork, the former of which had evidently contained cold pie. The lady strongly suspected a certain policeman of having supped off it, and the following conversation took place between her and the cook:

"Mary, what has become of the cold pie that was left?"

"Oh, I didn't think it was wanted, mum, and so I gave it to the dog."

"Does the dog use a knife and fork, then?" the mistress sarcastically inquired.

"Not very well yet, mum, but I'm teaching him to," was the unabashed reply.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

## Only Wanted It One Way

The report in the middle west of the United States of a "driverless automobile" station along the lines of the old livery stable, where one might hire a "rig" and drive it oneself, affords occasion for recalling a story about the earlier institution which may serve as a warning to any who would resort to sharp practice. According to the tale referred to, a traveling man once said to the proprietor of a livery stable:

"What is the price for a rig to go over to Blankville?"

"Ten dollars," he replied.

After the journey had been taken, the owner of the horse and carriage said: "Twenty dollars."

Asked to explain, he added, "Ten dollars over and ten dollars back."

The next time the traveling man came he again inquired, "What is the price for a rig to go over to Blankville?"

"Ten dollars," again answered the liveryman.

Several days later the traveling man reappeared without the rig and handed the stableman \$10.

"But where is my rig?" demanded its owner.

"Over at Blankville," said his patron. "All I wanted to do was to go over."—*Christian Science Monitor.*



Two gallon hats are popular on any train crossing the border into U. S.

# Digest of the World's Humor

## DARKY ISMS



**IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD GARAGE—**  
"Shake a nimble dog, colored man, an' clean them cylinders."

"Who? Me? Take yo' ease, boy, take yo' ease. Th' week's got seven days jus' like it always had."

"I'll say it has; and, 'co'din' to you, they's all Sundays."

"How come they is? I'll testify I ain't seen you losin' no sleep 'roun' this garage. Clean yo' own cylinders, bo, they's full o' carbon."

"Y'all wanta give me plenty o' space hea'bouts this mo'nin', son; or else yo' widdler's goin' to laff out loud every time she sees a spanner like this-a one."

"On yo' way, mule face, on yo' way. I seen yo' wife th' other day and, y'all know what she says to me 'bout you? She says: 'Go's far as you've a mind to wif him; I'se jus' paid up the premium on his life insurance.'"—*Kansas City Star.*



**Farmer:** Here, what do you mean by trespassin' on my land?

**Wayward Willie:** Me trespassing! I ain't trespassing. I've just fallen out of me aeroplane!—*Pearson's Weekly.*



**HOW HE LIKES—**  
His Sister                      Your Sister  
—*Toronto Goblin.*

**TOO GOOD—**"Well, Alice," said a Southern woman to a colored girl formerly in her employ, "I hear that you have married."

"Yassum, Ah done got me a husband now."

"Is he a good provider, Alice?"

"Yassum. He's powerful good provider, but Ah's powerful skeered he's gwine git caught at it."—*American Legion Weekly.*

**STRENGTH OF WILL—**The defendant, accused of stealing chickens, had been duly examined in court and at the conclusion the judge said:

"As I understand it, Sam, you entered the henhouse and then, deciding to resist temptation, left it. Is that correct?"

"Yessuh, Jedge. Dass about right."

"In that case, can you explain how two of the hens were missing?"

"It was jes' dis way, Jedge. I took 'em. I reckoned I was entitled to dat many fo' leavin' de res'."—*American Legion Weekly.*

## WET & DRY



**JUSTICE ON THE JOB—**The be-draggled individual indignantly denied that he was intoxicated when the police officer testified that he found the prisoner lying in the street.

"Very well, then," retorted the versatile judge. "You're fined \$5 for parking more than six inches from the curb."—*Buffalo Express.*

**THE KICK—**It is announced that twenty drops of carbolic acid on a hot shovel will kill all the flies in a room. And Joe Sims of the Medicine Lodge *Index* adds that if you haven't the carbolic acid, try moonshine hootch. Then get a new shovel. Shovels with holes burned in them are practically useless.—*Kansas City Star.*

**THE FRIENDLY CHALLENGE—**In the early days of Colorado everybody ducked when a man reached for his hip pocket. Nowadays they all crowd around him.—*Colorado Transcript.*



**Comedian:** Ha, Laddie, I brought down the house last night.

**Villain:** Yes, so I believe—a brick at a time.—*Pearson's Weekly.*





**Old Salt**—Ye'll p'raps think I'm tellin' ye a lie, but I ain't never seen a railway train, an' don't want to—I 'ates the sight of 'em!  
*Weekly Telegraph.*



**PREVIOUS TRAINING**—"You discharged your assistant?"

"Yes," said the magician. "He never had anything where I wanted it. If I started to manipulate a bowl of goldfish he'd hand me a net to catch invisible pigeons out of the air. When I announced that I would do a few card tricks he'd saunter up with a billiard cue. If I'd known he'd been a plumber's helper I never would have hired him."  
*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

**ACCORDING TO INSTRUCTIONS**—"Why is it you never get to the office on time in the morning?" demanded the boss angrily.

"It's like this, boss," explained the tardy one; "you kept telling me not to watch the clock during office hours, and I got so I didn't watch it at home either."  
*New York Sun.*

**A SERIAL DOMESTIC**—*Mrs. Uptown*—This magazine looks rather the worse for wear.

*Mrs. Downtown*—Yes, it's the one I generally lend to the servant on Sundays.

"Doesn't she get tired of always reading the same one?"

"Oh, no! You see it's the same book, but always a different servant."  
*London Weekly Telegraph.*

**THE PROBLEM**—"Wot's the good o' goin' back? We shall only have to strike again."

"Well, 'ow the 'ell are yer goin' to strike again if yer don't go back?"  
*London Mail.*



**NOTHING DOING**—"I hear tell that a feller driving along in an automobile run over your least boy, Bearcat, in the big road tuther day?" interestedly insinuated an acquaintance. "What did you do about it?"

"Well, the feller wanted me to pay him b'cuz Bearcat bit a hole in one of the tires while he was going over and over," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "But I says, 'Unh-uh! If you don't want your tires bit you needn't—p'tu!—run over my kids.'" *Kansas City Star.*

**SAFEST PLAN**—"Robert! Robert! Here's another car rounding the corner. How shall I steer?"

"Try to hit it, mother; try to hit it!" *Boston Transcript.*

**CONSOLATION**—"Did you try to console the widow of the man who was killed in that automobile accident."

"Yes. I told her she could remember always that her husband had the right of way."  
*Detroit Free Press.*

**HE WILL**—"Glipping is a conservative motorist."

"How so?"

"He tells me he has never driven his car more than thirty miles an hour."

"He's only had it a week. Give him another week."  
*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

**WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CHICKEN?**

"A blonde chicken is an uncertain and confusing quantity where a brunette one is much more understandable," says an experienced automobilist.

"Whenever I see a white chicken in the distance I instantly slow down, as they always flutter around in the road, running from side to side, seemingly unable to determine which way to go, whereas the brunette hen calmly chooses the side of safety and slips off the right of way.

"Something very characteristic in the action of these two types of bird."  
*Columbus Dispatch.*

**ALMOST LUCKY**—"I came very near being the owner of a twin-six car to-day," said Gelatine Travers on his arrival home last night.

"How near?" inquired Mrs. Travers without enthusiasm.

"Well, my number was actually in the hat from which the winning number was drawn, and that's nearer than usual," replied her husband.  
*Kansas City Star.*

**CONDENSATION**—Our idea of the champion mean man is the friend who, having formed the habit of taking us out to motor with himself and his wife, turns around and trades in the car for a two-passenger roadster.  
*Washington Post.*

**TRAFFIC CASE**—"These men were blocking traffic, Your Honor, while they had an argument."

"Were they in an altercation?"

"No, Your Honor, they were in a Ford."  
*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



**Excited Servant**—Oh, mum, I believe the master's 'ad a fit; he's lying groaning in the 'all, with a large box beside 'im, and a piece of paper crushed in 'is 'and.

**Mistress**—Oh—my new hat has arrived at last.  
*Pearson's Weekly.*



**Inspector**—Now, Tommy, we have just seen the word "libel." What is a libel?

**Tommy**—A fing you stick on a bottle, sir!—*Pearson's Weekly*.

## MATRIMONY



**NATURAL DEDUCTION**—"The man that argues with a woman is a fool," said Mr. Gadsbur.

"I agree with you," said Mr. Twobble.

"And if he expects to have the last word he's an even bigger fool."

"Quite so, quite so. What did you and the 'Missus' quarrel about this morning?"—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

**DOG GONE IT!**—"Why are you always quarreling with your wife?"

"She's always arguing with me."

"But you needn't get angry. Just explain to her gently wherein she is wrong."

"I know, but, darn it, she never is wrong."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

**A LAME COMPLIMENT**—"How do you like my pound cake, dearie?" asked Mrs. Newlywed.

"Why, er—eh—er!" stammered Mr. Newlywed, "I don't think you pounded it enough, did you?"—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

**SINGLE EQUIPMENT**—*He* (indignantly)—You married me for my money!

*She* (sweetly)—Well, dear, what else had you?—*Chicago News*.

**RIGHT IN HER LINE**—"Would you convict a man on circumstantial evidence?" they asked the lady juror.

"I would," she replied. "I've convicted my husband that way dozens of times."—*Detroit Free Press*.

**BANZAI!**—Japanese Young Man, age 27, solicits personal marriage proposal from a modest, but nevertheless courageous, female of sound morality, highly disciplined, and desirably one who has suffered deeply in life. Communicate to "Obscurity," care of *Japan Times*, Tokyo.

**WHY HE ASKED**—"Ma, do we keep a hen any place?"

"Why, no, my son. Why do you ask that?"

"I heard pa tell the new maid he would take her out auto riding when he sent the old hen away for the summer."—*Boston Transcript*.

**NOT FAMILIAR WITH FOWLS**—"That chicken you sent me Saturday was a very old bird," said the bride of two weeks.

"You are mistaken, madam. It was a very young chicken," replied the butcher.

"Don't tell me that. Haven't I got eyes? Why, it hadn't a single tooth in its mouth!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

## YOUNGSTERS



**HOME TRAINING**—Hearing her little boy using profane language, his mother severely reprimanded him and inquired, "Where did you learn to swear like that?"

"From pa's shaving, uncle's golf, brother's flivver, and sister's parrot," answered the youngster promptly.—*Boston Transcript*.

**COULDN'T HELP THEM MUCH**—Two neighbors were chatting over the fence when Mrs. B, smiling, passed down the street.

"Pretty woman, Mrs. B!" remarked one. "Who was she?"

"I really have forgotten. Here's her little boy. I'll ask him. Frank, who was your mother before she was married?"

Frank regarded his questioner gravely. "She wasn't my mother before she was married," he severely replied.—*Boston Globe*.



"You seem to be very friendly with Farmer Lehmann!"

"Oh, yes. I occasionally ran over one of his ducks or geese and so, by degrees, we got to know each other."—*Der Brummer (Berlin)*.

# For the Children

## A Suggestion for a Motion Picture—for Charlie

If you have an idea that Charlie can work into a picture send it to JUDGE, and if it is used in the magazine Charlie will see it.



The boys playing football welcome Charlie to the game. His wonderful place kick knocks off an old gentleman's hat, into which the ball bounds. The boys, wondering where the ball has gone, follow the old gentleman in a chase of Charlie, who makes a sixty-yard run for a touchdown.



## Our Own Motor Department

Questions Answered

By GLEN F. STILLWELL

**A.** NUT, asks: "My piston pumps oil, what shall I do?"  
Remove the piston. A friend of ours, bothered with this trouble, connected a pipe line to the cylinder, and became independently rich by selling oil stocks on it.

Stove Bolt, writes: "I have a knock in my 'bus.' How can I silence it?"  
Open the cut-out, Stove. If you still hear it, shut off the engine, and the noise will disappear.

Harry Sparks wants to know how he can drive his Slippery Six economically.

If you are planning a trip in your "bus," Harry, don't take it. Don't leave the garage. Jack up the rear wheels, start the motor, and work the steering wheel back and forth. Toot the horn occasionally and change a tire now and then. You might drop your friends a post card to heighten the illusion.

Miss Fan Belt, asks: "Suppose I have a puncture on the road and have no repairs, what must I do?"

We don't see how a puncture on the road would bother you, but maybe you mean a puncture in your tire. In that event you will have to come in flat. But don't come in with just one tire deflated. That would throw the wheel base at right angles with the torque, and cause undue wear on the flywheel. Deflate all your tires and proceed.

Red E. Ator's question is: "If I hit a tree, what then?"

We don't quite get you, Red, "What then?" You might try bumping over a barn. If the tree is still standing, remove it, and proceed. However, it would be advisable to consult your repair manual if there are no more trees in the immediate vicinity.

Mr. Pawl Pin, asks: "How can I avoid punctures?"

If I wanted to give you a smart answer I would say, "Don't run over a nail." But the way to avoid punctures is, in touring, always start a week sooner than you intended so that you will get where you are going

**Keep Your Skin-Pores  
Active and Healthy  
With Cuticura Soap**

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.



## Democracy

*"—of the people, by the people, for the people"*

People of every walk of life, in every state in the Union, are represented in the ownership of the Bell Telephone System. People from every class of telephone users, members of every trade, profession and business, as well as thousands of trust funds, are partners in this greatest investment democracy which is made up of the more than 175,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

If this great body of people clasped hands they would form a line more than 150 miles long. Marching by your door, it would take more than 48 hours of ceaseless tramping for the line to pass.

This democracy of Bell telephone owners is greater in number than the entire population of one of our states; and more than half of its owners are women.

There is one Bell telephone shareholder for every 34 telephone subscribers. No other great industry has so democratic a distribution of its shares; no other industry is so completely owned by the people it serves. In the truest sense, the Bell System is an organization "of the people, by the people, for the people."

It is, therefore, not surprising that the Bell System gives the best and cheapest telephone service to be found anywhere in the world.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed  
toward Better Service*



before you get there. Consequently you will not be in a hurry to get where you are going, or to be more explicit, you will get where you are going before you start. Always carry the following in your tool kit:

- ½ dozen extra tires.
- 1 dozen inner tubes.
- 1 gross of tire patches.
- 1 25-pound sledge.
- 1 tank of compressed air, tire tools, pliers, jack, etc.

Above all, live in constant dread of

tire trouble and you will never have it. Keep repeating to yourself, "That back tire has a bad blister," or, "That front casing is about ready to blow out." Never boast of your freedom of tire trouble. It is fatal.

Godfrey Gas wants to know this: "If I lose the trail what am I to do?"

In that case, Godfrey, you might look it up in the dictionary, although the professional motorist usually tinkers with the carburetor.

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### See See, Signor

The beach is a good place for a rest. Girls reveal nearly all on the street and display the rest on the beach.

A thin citizen in a fat citizen's bathing suit is no rest for the weary optics. When a gent with 18-karat bunions and toes curled like Rover's tail forces his tortuous figure into a zebra bathing suit, he looks like one of the things you aim at in a shooting gallery.



### DECLASSÉ

The Van der Pelt heir wasn't normal. Contrary to all precedent, natural expectations, family traditions and scientific theories, he was a regular fellow.



Polecats.

## Fooling Herself

By STRICKLAND GILLILAN

WHOM do you fool, little girl, little girl,  
With your cheek's false blush and your hair's false  
curl?

Whom do you fool with your pencilled brows  
And your neckless—almost waistless—blouse?  
Whom do you fool with your skirts so brief  
As to bring to our mind Eve's figtree leaf?  
Do you think you have fooled the modern youth?  
He, too, is *blasé*, and he knows the truth.

Whom do you lure with your vampish glance?  
Is it age you fool? Why there's not a chance!  
Don't you know that the rouge on your face and lips  
Is as plain as the point in a minstrel's quips?  
Has it never occurred to your foolish brain  
That your puff and lip-stick work is vain?  
Have you never known that the You beneath  
Shines plain as day from your chemic sheath?

There is one that you fool, little girl, little girl;  
There is one whose head you have set awhirl.  
There is one, just one, in the world not wise  
To the work you do with your shape and eyes.  
There is one, just one, who doesn't know  
You attract the least when the most you show.  
The rest of us know you through and through—  
The only one that is fooled is You.

### Not Available

*Ashley*—I thought Pinkerson was going to run for mayor.

*Seymour*—He was, but the labor unions investigated him and found that he did his own plumbing, plastering, carpentry, painting, brick-laying, paper-hanging, and electric work.

### Caution

"Papa says that if you ever come to see me he'll kick you down stairs. Are you coming?"

"Er—er—what floor do you live on?"

## Judging the New Books

(Continued from page 6)

ALAS! the happy, care-free idyll had to end. The beautiful savages, who had never known disease, were contaminated by the whites. One night the explorers discovered that their not too dusky wives had broken out with prickly heat! In decency, there was nothing to do but to re-embark on the *Kawa* and depart—a dangerous proceeding since all their nautical instruments had been lost in the storm. However, Capt. Triplett had discovered and potted a compass plant, which he took along. But even his tenderest care could not keep it alive. Even as he was watering it with a fountain pen filler, it withered and died. After that they were lost on the salt, unplumbed, estranging sea. They rigged up a new flexible yardarm and let the good ship have her head, while they proceeded to get theirs.

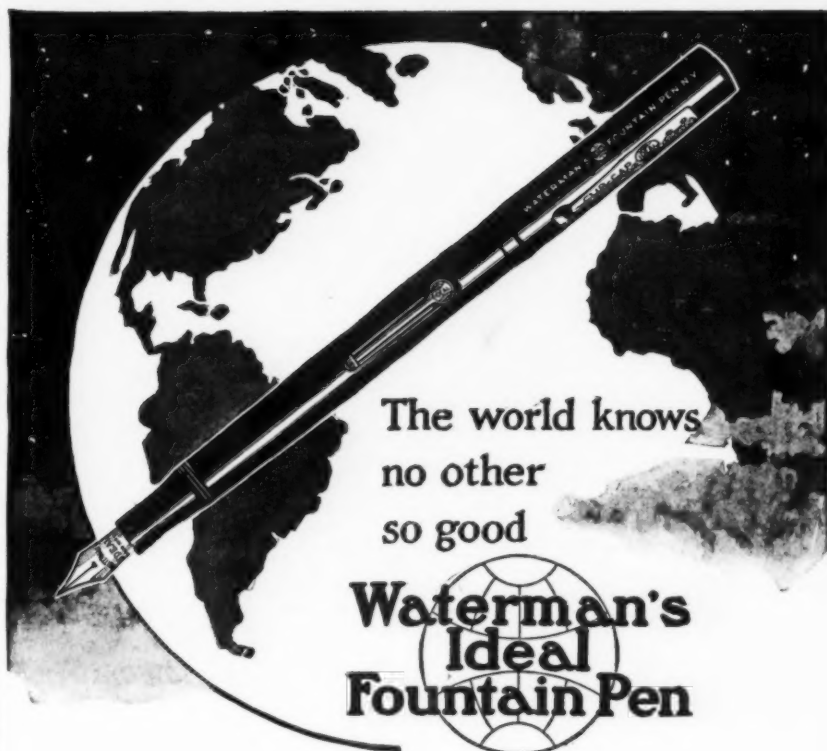
The ship landed them, none too soon, on the beach at Papeete, where O'Brien, McFee, Somerset Maugham, Joe Conrad and others of the F. R. S. S. E. U. gave them welcome and succor, and where Captain Traprock developed his extraordinary photographs and completed the journal of the voyage, dispatching both pictures and Ms. to G. P. Putnam's Sons, just down 45th St. from the home moorings of the *Kawa* at the Coffee House. The book is now out, photographs and all. If you want to know what the South Seas are really like, read it. The style is not so ornate as that of either Herman Melville or Fred O'Brien, but the facts are probably nearly as accurate, and much more astonishing.

SPEAKING of Herman Melville, as many people do who never read "Moby Dick," "Typee" or "Omoo," new editions of those tales of torrid seas, tropic islands, spouting whales and metaphysical seamen are now available in the Everyman's Library. They fit the pocket—in more ways than one—and fill the mind. What more can you ask of a book? Do you remember the sailor from Sag Harbor who tried in vain to prove the fallacy of the story of Jonah and the whale, bringing to bear all his knowledge of geography and all his observation of a whale's anatomy, only to be confounded by the theo-

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logians? Or the story of the harpooner who could not sell embalmed New Zealand heads in New Bedford on the Sabbath, because it would never do to peddle human heads on such a day, so he had to dispose of a double quantity on Saturday night? Or of—but read "Moby Dick" for yourself, or re-read it. It was a wise man who always read an old book when a new one came out.

THE CRUISE OF THE KAWA. By "Walter E. Traprock." G. P. Putnam's Sons. WORKS OF HERMAN MELVILLE. Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Compleat Camper

By WANDA PETRUNKEVITCH

Chief cook of tough and tinny eats,  
Worn out by too much recreation;  
Sun-fried, devoured by hungry  
skeets,

I long for rest from my vacation!

What Furry?

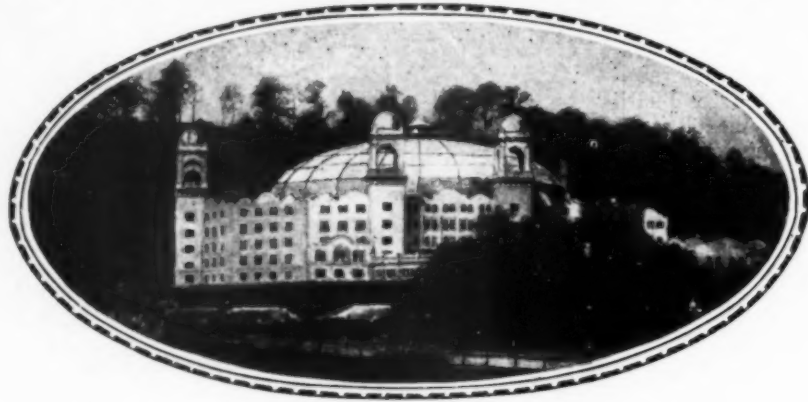
Mother—Rachel, your beau was here to see you last night.

Kate—Oh, was he?

Mother—No, not Wuzzy. Izzy.



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**G**OLF and other outdoor sports offer unsurpassed recreational advantages. Musical programs and dancing add to the pleasure of social life. A wonderful hotel, excellent service and delightful surroundings afford relaxation and wholesome rest. THE MINERAL WATERS and well-directed baths are world-famous for conditioning and rebuilding purposes.

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THE WEST BADEN SPRINGS COMPANY  
West Baden Indiana

## Short Stories

**A**LGY took a spin in his car. She married him.

His name was Wrath. He proposed. She gave him a soft answer.

She realized his value, when dead. He was heavily insured.

A man gave his wife plenty of rope. She skipped with it.

He. She. Err.

A Scotsman, traveling, lost all his baggage. The cork came out.

A farmer ceased grumbling. Please omit flowers.

## Every Married Couple

and all who contemplate marriage

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By JOHN COWAN, M. D.

408 pages illustrated

Endorsed and recommended by foremost medical and religious critics throughout the U. S. A. Unfolds the secrets of married happiness, so often revealed too late. We can give only a few of the chapter subjects here as this book is not meant for children.

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**The Doctor—Say, how far does your neck go up, anyway?**

## In the Class-room

Well-filled college class-room in session. Very serious Professor, addressing student, who is in the rear of room:

"Mr. Smith, can you tell us something of the Iron Age?"

"I'm a bit rusty on that subject, Professor."

Class immediately disorganized.

## Honest Graft

Oh, Mr. Burbank, won't you try to do some things for me?

A wizard clever as you are can do them easily.

A man who turns a cactus plant into a feather-bed

Should have no trouble putting brains into a cabbage head.

*If you don't read Film Fun  
you don't get all the  
movie news*

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You get everything in Film Fun for 20c At your nearest newsdealer, NOW



Moral: Never leave the baby alone with a balloon.

## "One Arabian Night"

(Continued from page 11)

or a little better. This substitute is known as art. It consists in letting a suggestion do the work with one sweeping gesture which eliminates petty detail. It sees things imaginatively and makes them thus no less true, but much more beautiful. Form and line and light are combined in gorgeous combination throughout "One Arabian Night."

The best German pictures are far more artistic than almost anything we have done, but this is not necessarily fatal to pure local pride. From our point of view the Germans are still far too indifferent to the business of telling a story. They are concerned with tableaux to the exclusion of tale telling, and most of the charm of a fast, fine-gripping narrative is missing from their productions. There are the most artistic pictures, but several American producers are able to provide more fun.

## "STAMMERING Its Cause and Cure"

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years.  
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CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.  
If not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Catalog free.



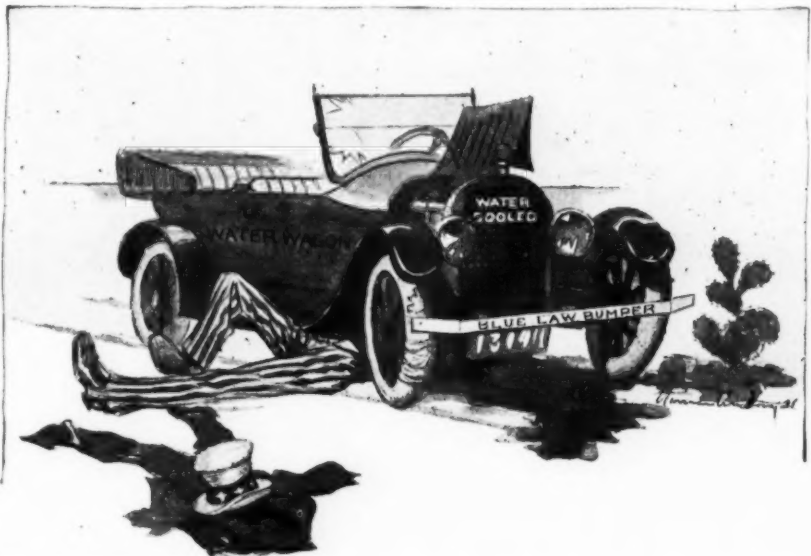
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W. L. Douglas  
President  
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,  
145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

T. M. O. A Good Thing  
After I was married,  
I longed to have a baby  
Show up.  
But after I'd been harried,  
I longed to have the baby  
Grow up.

Painful All Around  
"Those are the smallest shoes at  
the beach. But they must hurt you."  
"They do."  
"Then why wear them?"  
"Well, they hurt the other women,  
too."



Drawn by NORMAN ANTHONY.

A Leak Somewhere—"Ask the Man Who Owns One."

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**Arms and the Dan**

Possession is nine points of the law. The only thing that keeps Cupid from laughing in his sleeve is the fact that he hasn't any.

**An Old Print**

It is quite possible to read a woman like a book, especially if she be of the bold-face type.

**For Coughs and Colds**

*Safe and Sane*

**PISCO'S**

This syrup is different from all others. Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains no opiates—good for young and old.

**35¢ per bottle everywhere**

**The Third Eye**  
(Continued from page 8)

Jesse was a gentleman, and never interfered with the regular process of man's reposeful hours.

He did his work in broad daylight in railroad train and stage coaches when the passengers were merry with wine and meat and were liberally disposed. Jesse was a psychologist as well as a gentleman.

The vulgarity of the times is nowhere more in evidence than in the methods of our ungentlemanly and unpsychological hotel raiders.

Oh, for the good old days of Jesse James and Robin Hood, when a crook was a man for a' that!

**HAVE** you ever stood in Bald-Head Alley in the sculpture department of a museum and pondered on the drama of the hair-cut?

There is a satiric glint in the eyes of Socrates, Homer and Alexander as they look down at our ringlets, our overdue Pompadour or our unshaven cheek. We are always between a barbers' strike and a dollar haircut. Their nude knobs are a veritable Utopia to us.

Then to heap coals on our tolstois and walt whitmans, which we have resolved to let grow, we pick up a paper with an ad, staring us in the face which reads, "Balm for Bald-heads."

Who wants balm for baldheads in these days? Who has any use for hair restoratives? They are cunningly designed schemes to keep us poor. With barber-shop prices what they are we want to get rid of our hair forever.

A woman's crown of glory is her hair. It is a man's crown of sorrow. With what fear and trepidation we peep in the mirror each morning to see how many hairs have budded during the night! We mark off the days on the calendar to the next haircut like a prisoner in the death-house tolling off his hours to execution.

A woman's tragedy is her wrinkles. A man's is his topknot. Hair, its

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**Alo Studies**

cause and cure, is now the foremost question of the hour among the sterner sex. Scientists are engaged in trying to get at the root of the matter.

What causes hair? Inflammation of the thought-atoms in the brain, as everybody knows. In ages of great ignorance men automatically became bald. In times of great intellection, like these, the oom pauls reach flood-tide.

We had hoped that the sudden de-alcoholization of the public would produce an epidemic of baldness, for it is a well-known fact that malt and spirits produce the cursed pigment. But the hair it groweth every day!

Let us pray to the great god Balder!

**The Linguist**

"What did you think of the play, old man?"  
"Oh, it was possibly plausible, and plausibly possible."

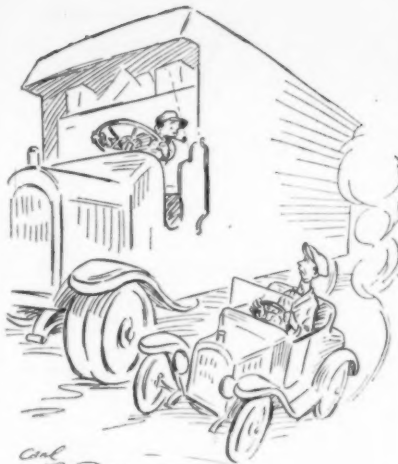
**Not the Hand but the Handle**

"John, why do you object to our daughter marrying a title?"  
"It isn't the title I object to, it's the thing that goes with it."



Drawn by PERCY CROSBY.  
"The moving finger writes, and having writ—moves on."





Drawn by C. T. ANDERSON.

**Truck Driver—Keep at it, Mister. I learned on one o' them!**

## Stone for Flesh

By SOPHIE E. REDFORD.

A STATUE stood within your hall,  
 which filled, you say, your heart  
 with gloom,  
 You did not care for it at all,  
 It stood for one, you knew not  
 whom.  
 A lady statue, incomplete,  
 But chipped at inspiration's fount,  
 Some artist's rare unfinished feat,  
 To you, a thing of small account.  
 You did not like her stony stare,  
 You did not relish broken knees,  
 Nor could you find in chiseled hair,  
 The beauty that the artist sees,  
 The second-hand man came around,  
 And carted off this thing of grace,  
 Then flesh, instead of stone, you  
 found  
 In me to come and take its place.  
 And where your stony statue stood,  
 You placed a pedestal for me,  
 But being neither stone nor wood  
 I wobbled very awkwardly,  
 And now, you turn again to art,  
 So long you dwelt with modeled  
 clay,  
 You'd conjure back the stony heart  
 And cart the one of flesh away.

## "I Know I Can Make Good, If Only My Nerves Hold Out."

HE had been a successful business man. He had never lost a day from business because of illness. Then came the Great War. His son was wounded. This blow together with the worry over great money losses, by reason of the war, caused a complete nervous breakdown and physical collapse. Because of his natural strength his Nerve Force slowly returned to what it had been. At last he was ready to recoup his losses by exploiting a great new idea. Then the great question presented itself—"Would his Nerves stand the strain?"



Millions of people less vigorous than this man need to ask themselves—"Will my Nerves stand the strain to attain the goal of my life?" In many cases the answer must be **NO!!**

### What Readers Say:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says, "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The truth is that Nerve Exhaustion is almost a universal malady. Most people are but half-awake, half-alive and half-efficient solely because they lack **NERVE FORCE**. Nine-tenths of all human ailments are due to abused and weakened nerves. Every physician knows this.

Read **NERVE FORCE**, a 64-page book written by Paul von Boeckmann, who for more than 20 years has been an authority on Nerve Culture. The price of the book is only **25 cents** (coin or stamps).

**NOTE.**—Within the last 20 years more than a million of the author's various books on Health and Efficiency have been sold throughout the world. The book **NERVE FORCE** is his greatest success. If you do not agree that it marks the turning point in your life for better health, greater efficiency and more happiness, your money will be refunded with your outlay for postage. Send for the book **TODAY**.

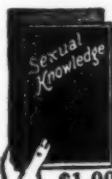
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Many a Slip  
*Young Wife*—The post-office are very careless sometimes, don't you think?

*Sympathetic Friend*  
 —Yes, dear; why?

"Hubby sent me a postcard yesterday from Brockville, where he is on business and they've put the Montreal postmark on it."

—*Toronto Goblin.*

Taking It Seriously  
 "So she didn't accept you when you proposed?"

"She sure did."  
 "But you said she threw you down."

"She did, and held me there till I gave her the ring."

—*Stanford Chaparral.*



### Optical Delusion

I looked out the window  
 And thought

I saw  
 The Winged Victory;  
 But it was  
 Only

The blonde next door  
 Drying her hair  
 This Windy Afternoon.

—*California Pelican.*

Meow!!  
**O**NCE I had a little bird  
 And his song  
 Was the sweetest ever heard;  
 He is gone;  
 Some cat got him.

Once I had a white pet mouse,  
 He was great;  
 Wiggly, dancing little mouse,  
 He is ate;  
 Some cat got him.

Once I had a lovely beau,  
 Had a bus;  
 Lots of cash to spend, you know;  
 I could cuss!  
 Some cat got him!  
 —*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Is There a Reason Why  
 Knees rhymes with breeze?  
 Bliss rhymes with kiss?  
 Strife rhymes with wife?  
 Spoon rhymes with moon?  
 Peach rhymes with beach?  
 —*Missouri Show Me.*



"In Illinois 'toddling' is not allowed so they have a new dance—the Bevo Glide."

"What's Bevo got to do with it?"  
 "No hops in it!"—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

### A Dark Flush

**T**HERE was a young nurse  
 Of fifteen and ten.  
 She gave her charge  
 A bad fountain pen.

The cap flew off,  
 The ink went wild.  
 Now she is nursing  
 A colored child.

—*Washington Sun Dodger.*

### Rebuffed

*He*—It is my principle never to kiss a girl.

*She*—You can't expect any interest from me then.—*Williams Purple Cow.*



The absent-minded Professor remembers where he left his glasses.  
 —*Williams Purple Cow.*

## History in the Making

**E**YES of the world will focus on Washington within a few days when the Armament Conference called by President Harding assembles there.

Lips of the world are asking: "Will it realize the age-old hope of permanent peace for mankind?"

Ears of the world will strain anxiously for a message that will herald definite relief from the crushing burden of armaments and the menace of War.

Distinguished statesmen of our own and other great nations of the earth will be gathered in Washington and every phase of the coming international parley will be of vital, historical importance—"*News that Makes us Think.*"

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